New-Englands Tears

FOR HER

Present Miseries:

OR,

A Late and True RELATION of the CALAMITIES of

NEW-ENGLAND

Since *APRIL* last past.

With an Account of the Battel between the *English* and *Indians* upon *Seaconk Plain:*

And of the *Indians* Burning and Destroying of *Marlbury*, *Rehoboth*, *Chelmsford*, *Sudbury*, and *Providence.*

With the Death of *Antonomies* the Grand *Indian* Sachem; And a RELATION of a Fortification begun by Women upon *Boston Neck.* Together with an Elegy on the Death of *John Winthrop* Esq; late Governour of *Connecticott*, and Fellow of the *Royal Society.*

Written by an Inhabitant of Boston *in* New England *to his Friend in* London. With Allowance.

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A NARRATIVE OF New Englands PRESENT CALAMITIES.

15 *April* 1676.

HAT means this silence of *Harvardine* Quills
Whilst *Mars* Triumphant thunders on our Hills?
Have *Pagan* Priests their Eloquence confin'd
To no mans use but the mysterious Mind?
Have *PAWAWS* charm'd that Art which was so rife
To crouch to every *DON* that lost his life?
But now whole Towns and Churches fire and die,
Without the pity of an Elegy.

Nay, rather ſhould my Quills, were they all Swords,
Wear to the Hilts in ſome lamenting words:
I dare not ſtile them Poetry, but Truth,
The dwindling products of my crazie youth;
If theſe Eſſays ſhall rouze ſome quainter Pers
'Twill to the Author make a rich amends.

Marlburies Fate.

WHen *London*'s fatal Bills were blown abroad,
And few but Specters travel'd on the Road,
Not Towns, but Men in the black page inroll'd
Were in Gazets by *Typographers* ſold;
But our Gazets without Errata's Muſt
Report the Plague of Towns reduc'd to Duſt:
And Feavors, but ere while to Tenants ſent
Arreſt the Timbers of the Tenement.

Ere the late ruines of poor *Groton*'s cold,
Of *Marlburies* peracute Diſeaſe we're told;
The feet of ſuch, who neighb'ring dwellings urn'd
Unto its aſhes, not its doors return'd.
So what remain'd of Tears as yet unſpent
Are to its final gaſps a Tribute lent.

If Painter ever track my Pen, let him
An Olive colour mix, theſe Elves to trim;
Of ſuch an hue, let many hundred Thieves
Be drawn like Scarecrows clad with Oaken leaves,
Exhauſted of their Verdant Life, and blown
From place to place without a home to own:
Draw Devils like themſelves, upon their cheeks
Thoſe Banks of Greaſe and Mud a plat for Leeks;
Whoſe dangling Locks *Meduſa*'s Snakes reſemble,
With grizly looks would make *Achilles* tremble.
Limn them beſmear'd with Chriſtian blood, and oyl'd
With fat out of white humane Bodies boyld.

Draw them with Clubs like Mauls, all full of staine;
Like *Vulcan*'s anvelling *New-Englands* braine:
Let round be gloomy Forrests, and thick Rocks;
Where like to Castles they may hide their Flocks;
Till opportunity their constant friend,
Shall jogge them *Vulcan*'s Worship to attend.
Shew them like Serpents in an avious path,
Waiting to sow the Fire-balls of their wrath.
Much like *Æneas*, in his cloak of mist,
Who undiscover'd, move where ere they list.
Cupid some tell us, had two sorts of Darts,
But we feel none, but such as drill our hearts;
From *Indian* sheaves which to their shoulders cling,
Upon the Word they quickly feel the string.
Hide first the *Sun* beneath the Earth, and quench
In *Thetis* boul the Stars; the *Lunar* Wench
So mutable in fashions, make her happe
To lie a slumbering in *Apollo*'s lappe.
Let Earth be made a Screen to hide our woe,
From Heaven's Monarch, and his Ladies too:
And least our jealousie think they partake,
For the Red Stage with Clouds a Curtain make.
Let Doggs be gagg'd, and every quickning sound,
Be charm'd to silence: here and there all round,
The Town, to suffer. From a thousand holes
Let crawl those Fiends with brands and firing Poles.
Paint here an House and there a Barn on fire,
With Holocausts ascending in a spire.
Here Granaries, yonder the Churches smoke,
Which Vengeance on the Actors did invoke.
Let *Morpheus* with his Leaden Keys have bound
In Feather beds some, some upon the Ground;
That none may burst his drousie Shackles till
The Bruitish Pagans have obtain'd their will,
And *Vulcan* files them off. Then *Zeuxis* paint
The phrensie glances of the Sinking Saint.
Draw there the Pastor for his Bible crying,
The Souldier for his Sword, the Glutton frying

With

With Streams of glory far. The thin-jaw'd Miser,
Ah had I given this, I had been wiser.
Let here the Mother seem a Statue turn'd,
At the sad object of her Bowels burn'd.
Let the unstable Weakling in belief,
Be mounting *Ashur's* Horses for relief.
Let the half Convert seem suspended 'twixt
The Dens of Darkness and the Planets fixt.
Ready to quit his hold and yet hold fast
By the great *Atlas* of the Heavens vast.
Paint Papists mutt'ring over apish Beads,
Whom the Blind follow while the Blindman leads.
Let *ATTAXIE* be mounted on a Throne,
Imposing her Commands on every one:
A many-headed Monster without Eyes,
To see the Wayes which wont to make men wise.
Give her a Thousand Tongues with Wings and Hands
To be Ubiquitary in commands:
But let the Concave of her Soul appear,
Washt Clean and Empty quite of all but fear.
One she bids run, another stay, a third
She bids betake him to his rusty Sword;
This to his treasure, t'other to his Knees,
Some Counsels she to fry, and some to freeze:
These to the Garrisons, those to the Load;
Some to run empty, some to take the Load.
Thus while Confusion, most mens hearts divide,
Fire doth the small Exchequer soon decide.
Thus all things seeming ope or secret foes,
An Infant may grow gray before a close.
But yet my hopes remain in perfect strength,
New England will be prosperous once at length.

Pro-

Providences Fate.

WHy muse we thus, to see the Wheels run cross,
Since Providence it self, sustains a loss:
Should Providence, but one day miss its watch,
I fear the Enemy would all dispatch.
Resplendent *Phœbus* would forget to shine,
The wandring Planets, to forget their Line.
The Stars run all out of their proper spheres;
And quickly fall together by the eares;
The Ocean would forget to ebbe and flow,
The Mother cease the tender babe to know.
Kingdoms would jostle out their Kings and set,
The Vile Mechanick up who next they met:
Or rather Kings, and Kingdoms, with the World,
Would into Chaos its first rise be turn'd:
This sacred Providence of the Most High,
None can outlive and write its Elegy.
But of a solitary Town I write,
A place of darkness, yet receiving light
From Pagans hands; a miscellaneous nest
Of Errours, Hectors, where they sought a rest
Out of the reach of Laws, but not of God;
Since they have smarted by the common Rod.
'Twas much I thought it did escape so long,
Which sacred truth did manifestly wrong;
For one *Lots* sake perhaps, or else I think,
Justice did long at great offenders wink.
'Tis happy for them, if their filth and dross,
Be cleansed off, though by a common loss.

Seaconk Plain Engagement.

ON our *Pharsalian* Plain, containing space
For *Cæsar's* Armies, *Pompey's* to outface,
An handful of our men, are walled round
With Tawny Bands, anon their pieces sound.

A Madrigal; like Hail the Bullets fly
An Emblem of Heavens Artillery.
Here a Hoste to Handfuls of a few they leave
Fewer to tell how many they bereave.
Fool hardy Fortitude, it had been sure,
Thousands of Shot, and Arrows to endure:
Without all hopes of some requital too,
So numerous and pestilent a foe.
Most Fought like *Dragons*, through this *Indian* mist,
The Beams of Valour break where e'r they list,
Who died ('tis thought) sold lives at such a rate,
As doth the fury of the foes abate.
Some musing a Retreat, and thence to run,
Have in an instant all their business done.
They Sink, and Die, their wonted sorrows weight,
They Tumble at their Feet, and follow strait.
Here Captious ones, without their Queries lie,
The Quaker here, the Presbiterian by.
The Scruple dormant lies of thee and thou,
And most as one to Deaths dominion bow.
Such who out-live the fate of others fly,
Into the Neighbouring Swamps of misery.
Those who might die like men, like beasts must range,
Uncertain whither for a better change.
Such Natives hunt and chase with Tygers mind,
And plague with Cruelties such as they find.
When shall this showre of Blood be over? when?
Quickly we pray (good Lord) say thou *Amen*.

Reboboth's Fate.

I Once conjectur'd that these Figures hard,
To reverend *Nehemiah's* bones would have regard.
But were all Saints they met, it were all one case,
They owe no Reverence to an Angels Face.
But where they fix their Monstrous Lion Paw's,
They Rend without remorse or heed to Laws

Rebo-

Rehoboth here in our plain Engliſh Reſt
They ranſack. *NEWMAN's* Relliques they moleſt.
Here all the Town is made a publick ſtage,
Whereon theſe *Nimrods* act their Monſtrous rage,
And Cruelties which Paper ſtain'd before,
Are acted to the life here ore and ore.
Let this, dear Lord, the ſad Concluſion be
Of poor *New-Englands* fatal Tragedie.
Let not the Glory of thy former work,
Blaſphemed lie by *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk*.
But in *New-Englands* Aſhes write thy Name,
So fair all Nations may expound the ſame.
Out of theſe Ruins, let a Phœnix riſe,
That may outſhine the firſt, and be more wiſe.

Another black Parentheſis of woe,
The Printer wills that all the world ſhould know.

Upon the ſetting of that Occidental Star John Winthrop *Eſq*; *Governour of* Connecticott *Colony*, *Member of the Royal Society*, *who deceaſed in his Countreys Service* 6 April 1676.

NIne Muſes, get you all but one to ſleep,
But ſpare *Melpomene*, with me to weep.
From you whoſe bleared Eyes have Lectures read,
Of many of our *Engliſh* Heroe's dead.
I beg a glance from Spectacles of Woe,
(Quotidian Gazets) Brave *Winthrop* to.
Whoſe death Terreſtrial Comets did portend,
To every one who was his Countreys friend.
The Blaze of Towns was up like Torches light,
To guide him to his Grave, who was ſo fit
To rule, or to obey, to live or die:
(A ſpecial Favorite of the Moſt High)
Monarch of Natures Secrets, who did hold,
Its grand Elixir named the *Star* of *GOLD*.

Or elſe the World miſtakes, and by his deeds,
Of Daily Charitſes Expence he needs.
But had he it, he wiſer was than ſo,
That every Ape of Artiſts ſhould it know.
He had the Syſtem of the Univerſe,
Too Glorious for any to Rehearſe.
As *Moſes* took the Law in Clouds and Fire,
Which Vulgars barr'd at diſtance much admire.
Thus was he taught the precious Art of healing,
(Judge we but by ſucceſs) at Gods revealing.
He mounted up the Stairs of Sciences,
Unto the place of Viſions which did pleaſe.
Where on the Pinacle of worldly skill,
On Kingdoms of all Arts, he gaz'd his fill.
Into his Thoughts Alembick we may think,
He crouded Stars to make a Diet Drink
(I mean) Terreſtrial Stars which in the Earth,
Receive their vitals and a Mineral Birth:
That *Proteus*, *Mercury*, he could compel,
Moſt ſoberly well fixt at home to dwell.
Of Salt (which Cooks do uſe for Eggs and Fiſhes)
He made a Balſom better than all Riches;
And Sulphur too provided for mens woe,
He made an Antidote Diſeaſes to.
This Terrene three, were made by Fire his friends,
To bring about his *ARCHIATRICK* ends.
He ſaw the World, which firſt had only ſhade,
And after rich Embroideries on it laid,
Of Glorious Light; how the Homogental ſpark,
Did firſt Rebell againſt the Central dark.
He ſaw the Jemms how firſt they budded, and
The Birth of Minerals, which put to ſtand
Natures grand Courtiers. He knew the Womb
From whom the Various Tribes of Herbs did come.
He had been round the Philoſophick ſea,
And knew the Tincture if there any be:
But all his Art muſt lie, there's his Diſeaſe
Predominant, where he doth take his Eaſe:

Our

Outliving *Theophrast*, he shew'd thereby
Himself Hermetick, more surpassing high
TRISMEGESTOS I'll stile him; first in Grace,
Thrice great in ART, the next deserving place;
Thrice High in humble Carriage, and who
Would not to Highest Meekness ready bow?
England and *Holland* did great *Winthrop* woe;
Both had experienc'd Wonders he could doe.
But poor *New-England* stole his humble Heart,
From whose deep Wounds he never would depart:
His Councel Balsome like, he poured in,
And plaistred up its Breaches made by sin.
Natives themselves, in parlies would confess,
Brave *Winthrops* Charity and Holiness.
The Time he rul'd, War never touch't his bound,
When Fire, and Sword, and Death, raged all round.
Above whose reach he reigns in Glories Rays,
Singing with all the Saints his Makers praise.

EPITAPHIUM

GReater Renown than Boston *could contain,*
Doth underneath this Marble-stone remain:
Which could it feel but half so well as we,
'Twould melt to Tears and let its Prisoner free.

Chelmsfords Fate.

ERe Famous *Winthrops* Bones are laid to rest,
The Pagans *Chelmsford* with sad Flames arrest;
Making an artificial day of night,
By that Plantations formidable light.
Here's midnight shreekes, and soul amazing groanes,
Enough to melt the very Marble-stones:
Fire-brands, and Bullets, Darts, and Deaths, and Wounds,
Confusive Noyses every where resounds:

10

The Natives shouting, with the English cries;
With all the Cruelties the Foes devise.
Might fill a Volume; but I leave a space
For mercies yet successive in their place.
Not doubting but the foes have done their worst,
And shall by Heaven, suddainly be curst.

Sudburies Fate.

ONce more run Lacquey Muse the Councel tell,
What sad Defeat our hopeful Band befell:
Since Fifty odd of Valours choicest Sons,
Sinke into Deaths retiring Room at once.
The Natives Scouts, like living baits were trail'd,
With Umbrages of mighty Rocks and Holes;
(Fit Pallaces for such perfideous souls.
Some to our Linx-ey'd Centinels appear,
And quickly run as if possest with fear:
Ours chase, they halt, Ours gain, they lightly fly,
As if some *Gad* be stung upon the Thigh.
One while they linger, fully to give hope,
While to trapan, is their disguized scope;
Into a Labyrinth-like natural maze,
Of hideous thickets and unbeaten wayes;
Ours close pursue them, and as close their fate,
Smelling their Treachery when 'twas too late,
A Race of Natives, as if newly hatcht,
Starts from their Dens, and soon our friends dispatch,
Here was of *Indians* too a plenteous Fair,
The Chapmen Devils, hovering in the Ayr:
But ah with Tears I may the Reader tell,
A little Host of English down there fell:
Two hardy Captains, many manly hearts,
Then felt the Bullets with the venom'd darts.
The Parents Vesture with the purple stain'd
Of his *Ascanius* by him newly brained.
Euryalus his Soul reaks through the wound,

Of

Of *Niſus* gaſping by upon the ground,
While the *Rutilian* like enraged bears;
The Garments, with Mens Skins, aſunder tears:
One ſeeks his Head, ſcrambling for breathing room,
By *Lethal* pangs, a ſecond reads his doom
In Vellome Rolls, ſtead off his right hand man:
Which they ſend home for Segamores to tan;
With Scalpes, according to whoſe number they,
Receive brave Titles and ſome rich Array:
Our numerous Scars, like ſtars in bodies ſhone,
Who have for each a glorious Trophie wone:
From this *Aceldama* they poſt away,
To the Grand General for their ready pay:
While fellow Soudiers who eſcape the dint,
Bounce our Exchecquers, but find little in't.

CELEUSMA MILITARE.

But know ſtout hearts that Diadems and Crowns,
Will powre down from Heaven after your wounds;
And you ſhall find in Honours Lifts a place,
Where Daſtard Spirits dare not ſhew their face.

About this time Died Major *Willard* Eſq; who had continued one of our Senators many years, and Head of the *Maſſachuſet* Bands. In 23 *April* 1676.

EPITAPHIUM.

Great, Good, and Juſt, Valiant, and Wiſe,
New-Englands common Sacrifice:
The Prince of War, the Bond of Love,
A True Heroick Martial Dove:
Pardon I croud his Parts ſo cloſe,
Which all the World in meaſure knows.
We envy Death, and well we may,
Who keeps him under Lock and Key.

His

His Praises will, or are more largely celebrated; but let this be accepted according to the Nature of my Writings, which are but Brief and General.

The Indians *threaten to Dine at* Boston *on our Election.*

THe hungry Dogs, scenting the bay good Cheer,
Give out Bravadoes that they will be here.
But hopes we have of an Election day,
Although their Votes and Proxies keep away.
We think they will our Ammunition smell,
Which from our friends beyond Sea us befell.

M. J. Antonomies *the Grand Sachems Death.*

A Breathing time of silence had my Pen,
But finds a scribling matter once agen.
In *Narragansets* Land near *Paquatuck*,
The English with the Natives try a pluck:
Here in an Isthmus pitcht the foes their tents,
Here quartered their naked Regiments:
Some grope for Lobsters, some for [illegible] run,
And some lie beautifying in the Sun:
Some sit in Council, others treating squaws;
Some grinding parcht Corn with the Querns their Jawes.
Some sing their Captains dooms, others are lousing,
Some pawawing, some wenching, and some drousing.
And herein *ANTONOMIE* among the rest,
All up in Wampum Belts, most richly dress:
Sate as the Dagon of their motley crew,
Not thinking that his downfal would insue:
Whose Pedegree should I presume to write,
To *Hesiods Theogonis* run I might.
Our Checquer'd Bands of Whites and Tawnies joyn'd,
These in their close Recruements quickly find;
Down to the Earth our Martial gallants fall,
And like to insects on the Natives crawl.
Old *UNCUS* tribe who ever had been true,
Upon the moving Forrest nimbly flew.

The

The Engliſh them as they are flying meet,
And multitudes they tumble at their feet.
Some captiv'd, others wounded, many ſlain,
Like *Hydra*'s Heads, yet ne'r the leſs remain.
And here that *Lucifer* receives deſeat,
Who ſcorns with any leſs then Princes treat.
What Necklace could *New-England* better pleaſe,
Then Heads ſtrung thick upon a thred of theſe,
Him they diſpatch, and hundreds more are hurl'd,
Him to attend upon in th' other world:
Whoſe hunting bouts will heavily go on,
His Legs muſt ſtay until the Head come on,
That phanſie which ſo ſtiffly they maintain,
That ſuch on hunting go who hence are ſlain:
I hope ere long will quite convinced be,
By many Heads chopt off as fine as he:
His (a brave preſent) kiſt the grateful Hand,
Of Dons who in our Southern Treſt command.

Leaſt ſuch *Mecanas*'s beyond Sea ſhould,
Reſtrain their yearly ſhowrs of Goods and Gold,
Be pleas'd to know there is an hopeful race,
Who as you oft have been inform'd have grace.
Theſe are confin'd under Chriſtian Wings,
And hopes we have never to feel their ſtings.
A natural Priſon wall'd with Sea and Iſles,
From our Metropolis not many miles.
Contains their ſwarms: hither upon advice,
Some Grandees venturing powerful and wiſe;
In a ſmall Veſſel on a time did tend,
Three Dons with their great Apoſtolick friend:
Ere they arrive a Barge runs down their Boat,
Mean-while theſe Worthies three muſt ſink or float.

Their Loives for comfort round about them ſwam,
And from their Bottles Neptune drinks a dram,
He gap'd for men and all, but as God pleas'd
By ſturdy tackles of that care he's eas'd.

With

With like observance to *November's* day
Keep the remembrance of this passage pra[illegible]

On the Fortifications began by Women upon Boston *Neck.*

A Grand attempt the *Amazonian* dames,
Contrive, whereby to glorify their names,
A Ruffe for *Bostons* Neck of mud and turfe,
Reaching from side to side, from turfe to turfe,
Their nimble Hands spin up like Christmas Pies,
Their paltry by degrees on high doth rise,
Their Wheeles at home count it an Holyday,
While Mistresses are working they may play.
A tribe of Peticoates with manly hearts,
Forsake at home their Pastiernst and Tarts;
To knead the dirt, their Samplets down they hurle,
Their undulating Silks they closely furle.
The Pickaxe one as a Commanders holds,
Another at her awkness gently scolds,
One holds her side, while *Hypocondrick* fumes,
Do tympanize her Pericardian roomes,
This puffs and sweats, the other grumbles why,
Can't you promote your work so fast as I.
Some dig and delve, while others hands do feel,
The little Waggons weight with single wheel:
And least some fainting fit, the weak surprize,
They want not Sack and Cakes, they are more wise.
These brave Essays drew forth mens nervous hands,
More like to Daubers than to Martial Bands.
These do the work and sturdy Bulwarks raise,
But those who first began deserve the praise.

FINIS.